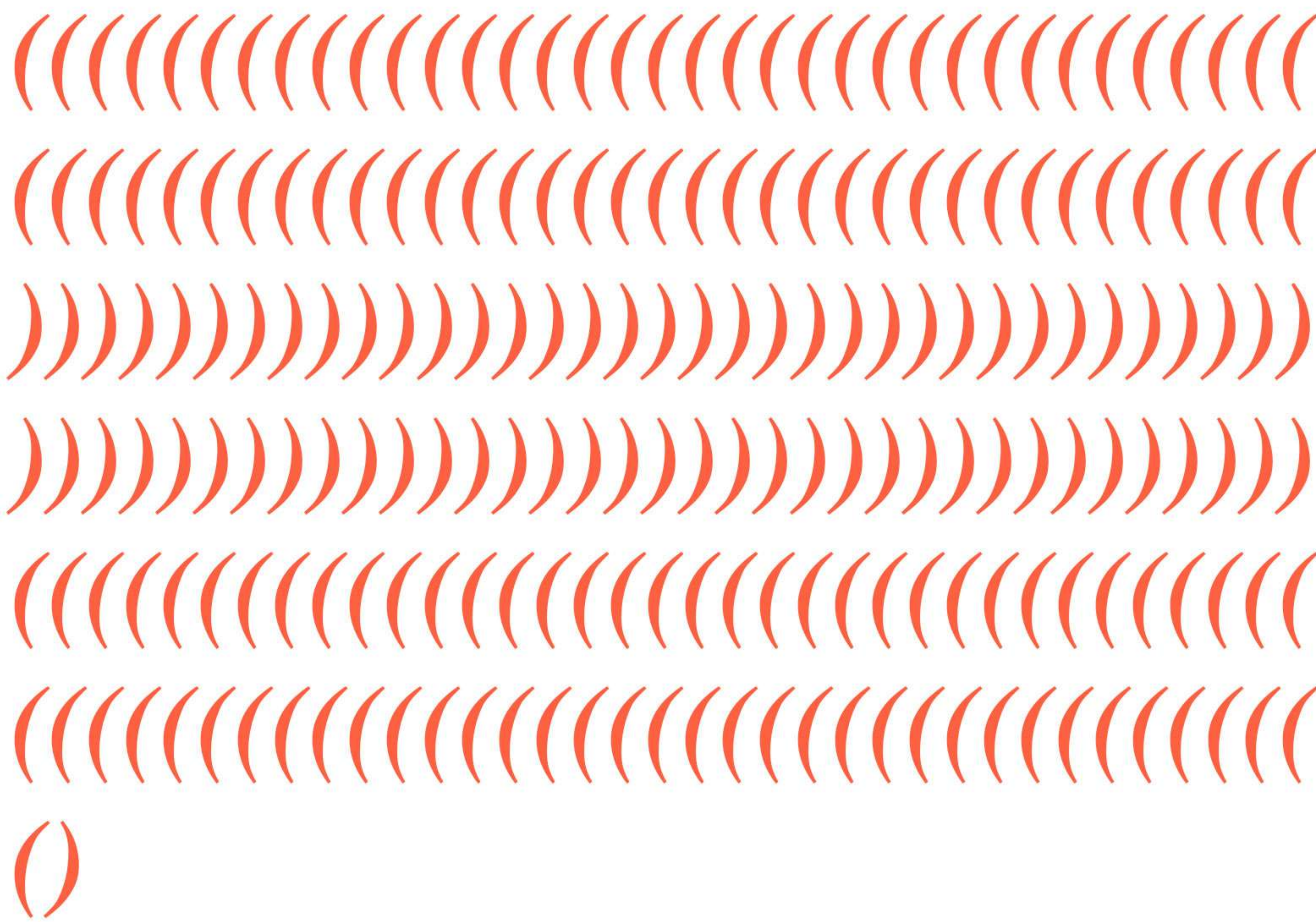


20241112



*Leaves arranged in
a solemn line
hanging out to dry
Are summer's final call
to arms for fruits that
linger high
How sweet the walk
through bountiful fields
and yards of work to do
I give their preserves
to the winter, but
most preferably to you*



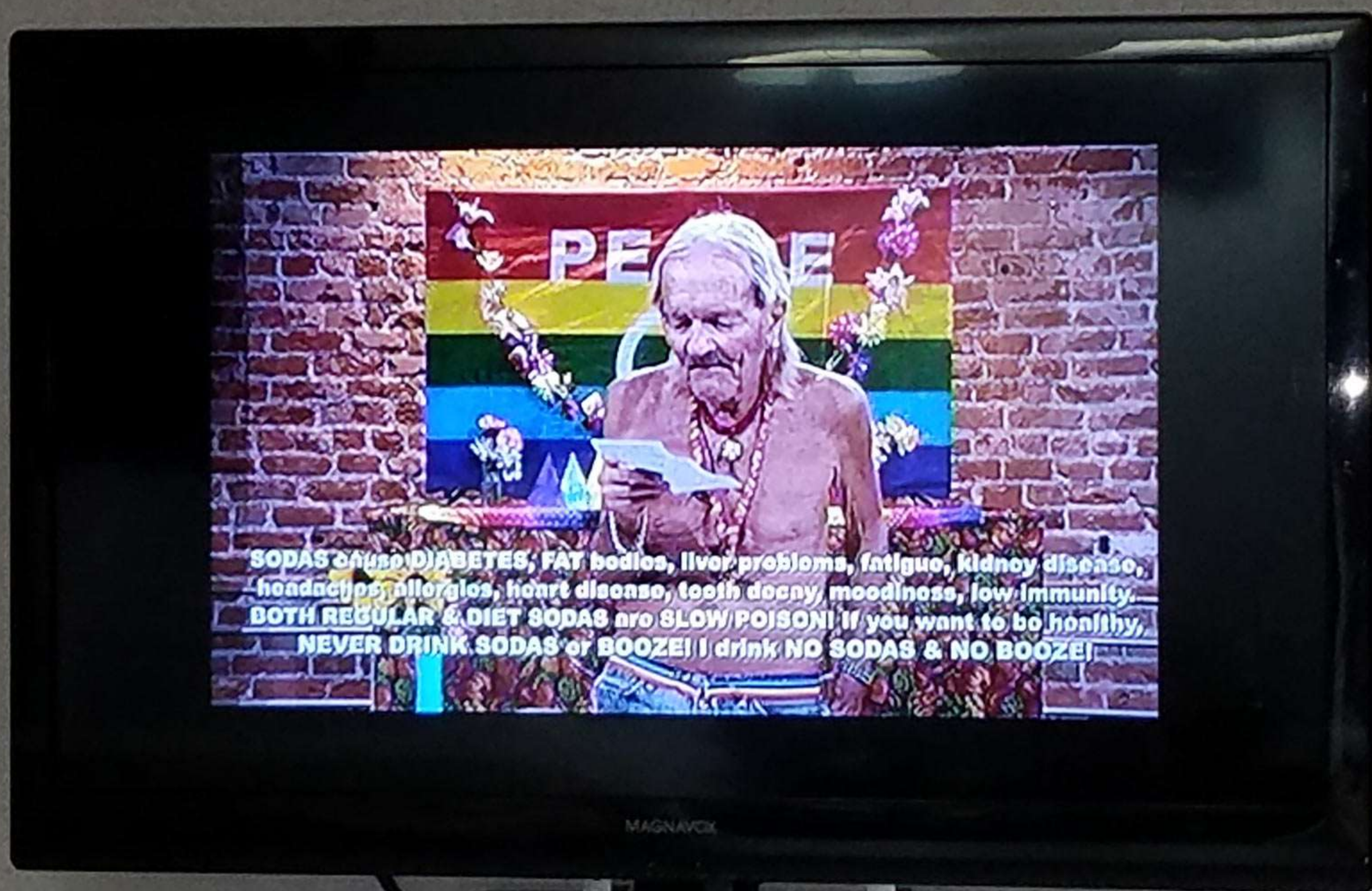
RODEO DE SANTA FE



6 12:00 PM













26 8:23 PM

